Bogg-Witticiſms:

OR,

Dear Joy's Common-Places.

BEING

A Compleat Collection of the moſt Profound *Punns*, Learned *Bulls*, Elaborate *Quibbles*, and Wiſe *Sayings* of ſome of the Natives of *Teague-Land*.

Shet fourd vor Generaul Nouddificau-ſhion: And Coullected bee de greie Caare and Painſh-Tauking of oour Laurned Countree-maun,

---

Mac O Bonniclabbero of *Drogheda*, Knight of the *Mendicant* Order.

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CHARLES CLARK,
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TO THE READER.

THe *Bulls* and *Witticiſms*, that have too frequently dropt from the Mouths of *Dear Joys*, have made them ſo Famous, that they are become the Diſcourſe and Entertainment of almoſt all ſorts of Companies: And in troth, they are generally ſo full of Diverſion, that they would almoſt force a Smile from *Heraclitus*. Nothing more recommends them, than the natural Stupidity or Simplicity of the *Natives*; ſo that they do not

appear like little *Contrivances*, but purely the Effects of their *Notions* and *Miſtakes* of *Things*.

The *Welchmen* and *Scots* had a long time Engroſſed all the *Table-Talk* of the Town; and the *Jeſts* and *Stories* that were Related concerning them, paſſed inſtead of a *Song*, or a *Fidle*. But *Teague* and his Countrymen have clearly Baffled Saint *Taffy* and Saint *Andrew*, for down-right *Dunſtable*, *Blunder*, and *Punn*; who are no more to be compared to them, than the little Sooty Lanthorns in *Smithfield*, to the Radiant Magnifying Lights in *Cheapſide*. The following *Collection* preſents you with great variety of the moſt

moſt *Novel* and *Facetious*; which may ſerve as Wallnuts with a Glaſs of Wine, and be an excellent Relief againſt an uneaſie and ſullen Melancholy. The *Collector* has not the Vanity to perſwade himſelf, that they will Sute every Temper; there being ſome ſo perverſe, and implacable, as never to like any Mans humour but their own; and, like the Crow, think their own Off-ſpring faireſt: I fairly leave ſuch to the Election of their own Appetites; and ſhall not preſume to force my Sauce upon their Palats. I have no apprehenſion, that any Ingenious Reader can Interpret any thing herein contained, as a Na-

tional or Particular Reflection; that being the moſt Remote imaginable, both from the *Collector's* Inclination and Intention: And I ſhall, for once, preſume to Obviate any ſuch undue Reflection, with the Motto of the Royal Garter; *Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Penſe.* But if you will have it in ſhort, The deſign of Publiſhing them is this; That whilſt the *Reader* enjoys himſelf and Friend over a Glaſs of Wine, the *Book-ſeller* and I may have a Glaſs of Wine to make Merry over too.

Farewell.

THE PREFACE By Teague.

BEE *Shaint* Pautrick, *de Dee'l tauke mee noow, but I caun remaumber de time, vaan mee Fauder vaſh maukeretorne of a grate dele vary muſh moniſh, bee Creeſht; and dat vaſh conſharning ſheepſh, and Coweſh, and Hourſhes, and Piggſh too, bee Shaint* Antonie; *and vaat iſh de maater, in de Dee'liſh Naume, indeed, dat dere iſh noe mony for mine* Bullſh, *indeed? And, in fait,* Dear Joy, *Dee'l tauke mee, bot dey bee of de largeſht kind too, indeed; and dey bee aull of de right*

right ſhtraine too, noow. Heare iſh no Leeving vidout Monyſh, in fait, Dear Joy, *and mee Beef and Broat Voman, (de Dee'l tauke de Beeſh) ſhe vill not Trosht mee for Tree haulf-Penſh more, for mine Dinnar indeed. Y hauve mauke try to binde mee ſhelfe Prentiſh to ſhome Boudy, to gat Monyſh; and, bee Shaint* Fautricks Bonnet, *dere iſh noe Boudy vill haufe mee, noow. And Y did tinke to binde mee ſhelfe Prantiſh to ſhome Evidanſh-mauker; and bee Shaint* Bridgat, *dat bee aull oout of de Fauſhion, and every Boudy muſht bee Houneſht, bee Creeſht, and dere iſh noe Plauſhes to bee gott noow. And Y vaſh juſht a-goeing to coume and mauke haung upon mee ſhelfe indeed, and*

to

to put de maater oout of aul dout; vor dere vaſh none Leeving vor Teague *any longar. And vaſh not diſh a veery ſhad cauſh indeed? Vaan I vaſh in diſh Condiſhion, and vaſh juſht mank tinking upon haunging, bee Creeſht; dere comeſh a Maun, and lookeſh upon mee Faush in fait;* What is the matter honeſt Lad (ſayes he?) *Bee Creesht, and daat bee veery goodt newsh, to call mee honesht, I tinke; and I tall him, de maater vash veery baud indeed, vor I vash in mishurable poore Condishions indeed. Dan hee shay to mee, daat I musht bee for putting mee shelfe upon good Cheare; daat hee had friendſh voud halpe mee to shome mony, indeed. Bee mee*

Shal-

Shalvashion, Dear Joy, *Y vash for manking veery mush Joy upon mee ſhelf noow; and Y deed shay to hem, indeed; Bee de Mauſh*, Dear Joy, *dee beesht de shivilleſt Parshon in aul de Vorld, in fait; and de Dee'l tanke mee indeed, bot dee hasht manke mush rejoyshing upon mee noow, too; And Y vood praay dee to doe mee de fauvour, to shew mee de kindnesh, to tall mee what dish Friend of dyne ish, daat vill halp mee to shommony indeed; and Y shall bee boond to manke mee shelfe, and aull de Poshterity of poore* Teague, *over to hem, and hish Haresh, bee Laater of Atturny, in fait noow.* Well then, (*hee deed shay to mee*) If thou canſt furniſh me with ſome good Currant

rant Bulls, thou ſhalt have ready mony for them. *Noow, de Dee'l tauke dee,* Dear Joy, (*I did ſhay to him*) *dou hasht mauke mee dede agen, bee mee Shoul; for de Armish did mauke Plundar upon mine Fader, and did tauke away aull hish Bullsh, Cowesh, and Horshes too, bee Creesht, before dat I vash born indeed; And noow, if dat be aul, I will onsh moure tauke haunging into mee Conshideration, indeed; and sho fare dee veell,* Dear Joy. But ſtay, (*he did ſhay to mee agen*) I do not mean Horn'd-Beaſts, *my Friend*; we Citizens have enow of that ſort of *Cattle*; I ſay, I mean a ſort of Comical Joques, called *Bulls*, that are a Prepoſterous kind of ſpeaking; when you return my meaning

meaning as by miſtake: In ſhort, I do not mean the Bull *For* the Mouth; but the Bull *Of* the Mouth; and ſuch as theſe, and any other pleaſant Stories for Diverſion, are the Market I would be at. *Enoow! Enoow!* Dear Joy, (*Y did shay*) *Y doe undershtand dee, indeed; it ish shome Shtories consharniug mee shalfe, and* Bryan, *and halfe a Doshen more of ush: Bee mee Shoul, Y can tall dee abondansh indeed. And if dee vilt bee sho shivil, to mauke paymensh of shom Monysh, Y vill tall dee sho many ash a vhole Drove at dish time, indeed: And ven vce doe meet agen, vee vill hauve de toddar bout, bee mee* Broguesh, *in fait noow.*

Bogg-

Bogg Witticiſmes.

NEceſſity hath been often the Mother of Ingenuity, and it will appear a very great Truth, if the following Story be Conſidered. For *Dennis* had a long time been waiting, and *mauking Petiſhion for a Plauſh*, until Fob grew ſo low that it could not produce three halfpence a day for the *Ireiſh Ordinary*: So that as he was taking the matter into ſerious conſideration, an End of Gold and Silver Woman paſſed by with her uſual Cry, Any *old Sattin*, or *Taffaty*, or *Velvet*, any *old Lace* take mony for it. *Noo Y prethee dear Joy* (quoth *Dennis* to the Woman) *what iſh the priſhe dat thee vilt geef for good Lace? Y have ſo much at me Lodging as coſt about three poundſh, and Y will goe and feſh it for thee preſhantly, if thee vilt give me ſhom mony for it?* The woman replyed, that ſhe never gave above 5 *s.* an ounce for the beſt, when it was well burnt, and cleaned: *Dan Y woud be-*

ſheech thee to call at me Lodgingſh an hour after thiſh time, and be Creeſht Y will burn me Lauſh for thee now, and thee ſhalt have it indede; pray where is your Lodging? ſaid the woman, *why me Lodgingſh at the Bird and Baby be Sharing-Croſs indeed, and Devil tauke me if thee vilt call thee ſhalt have me beſht lauſh, and it iſh very good indede.* The woman went her way, and *Dennis* repairs to his Lodging, taking his beſt Lace Crevat, and Ruffles, and ſet them on fire, preſerving the aſhes carefully, and making them up in a piece of paper. The woman came at the time, and *Dennis* brought her down the paper of Aſhes: what is this (ſays the woman) that you have brought me? *Be me Shoul what doſht dee tinke it iſh? why it iſh all my beſht Lauce, and Y have burnt it very carefully for thee indede, and noo Y woud have thee take notiſh what iſh de wayt of it, and give me de mony for it.* Doſt think me mad (replyed the woman) to give Mony for a few aſhes; I tell thee, I do not uſe to deal in ſuch ware. *Now the Deevil tauke me* (ſaid Dennis) *it iſh me beſht Lauce Crevat and Cuffs, and Y had them of me Captain the other day, and noo Y have burnt them for de vilt greeve me noting for it. Deevil tauke thee for a Biſh, you Son of a Whore, Y will make Sware upon thee before the Juſtice for putting a*

great cheat upon me, baſhe Slut indeed. Where iſh the mony for the burnt Laſhe now, ha? Prethee get home, you Bog-trotting Owle (quoth the woman) burn thy Mantle and Brogues, it may be that may yield thee ſhom mony to buy a Plauſh; you ſimple Scoundrel thou. *Be Creeſht (quoth* Dennis) *thee beeſt come to put abuſe upon me, Deevil tauke me for a Son of a Whore, but I will make revenge upon thee for me beſht Lauſhe now, yeſh indede.* The Scuffle continued a long time before *Dennis* could be convinced of his Error; until at length all that heard it laughed heartily at his Ignorance, which made him go out of the Houſe in great Indignation.

2.

A Bird in hand is worth two in a Buſh they ſay, and *Owen* made ſome proof of it; For his Lady gave him a *Canary* Bird to preſent from her to a Lady of her acquaintance, now *Owen* had ſeen the Boys houſe their Sparrows under their Hatts, and (being taken with the humour) puts the *Canary* Bird up under his; but in the way as he ways going with his preſent, a Coach paſſed by, behind which was a Countryman of *Owens*, who put off his Hatt to

Owen, and our dear Joy answered his Complement with much respect, not minding the *Canary* Bird in the Garret; at length he came to the Ladies house, and asked the Porter if his Lady were within, who answered him, Yes. *Why then* (*quoth* Owen) *I prethee tell her that I am belonging to such a Lady, and be me Shoul I have brought her a presshent from my Lady:* Whereupon, *Owen* being called in, delivers himself after this manner, *Me Laudy presents her Sharvish to thee, and has shent thee* (at that he began to feel on his crown, to look in his hatt, and to brush the locks of his wigg, looking every way about him:) What hath she sent? (quoth the Lady,) *Be Creesht it wash a little Shinning Bird, and the Deevil tauke me Joy it ish come to nothing at all now.*

3.

Dear Joy paying great Devotion before a certain old Image at a Church in *France*; It hapened that the rotten Figure fell upon him, and bruised him very much, so that he was forced to keep within doors for a considerable time, and then coming again to the same Church, he saw a very fine new Image set up in the same place: to which he addressed himself after this sort;

Be

Be me Shoul dear Joy, Deevil tauke me if the doſht not look as pleaſhant as mine own Sweetheart, and I can ſcarce forbear to mauke Prayer to thee, but thy Father leaped down upon me and waſh like to breake my Neck; and by Creeſht I have no mind to truſt thee for all thy fine looks.

4.

When *Tangier* was in the poſſeſſion of his Majeſty of *Great Brittain*, a certain *Iriſh* man was Servant to a Major there; the Major happened to die in his Servants debt for Wages, and about three years after his Maſters death, the *Iriſh* man delivered a Petition to the Governour to this effect.

The Petition.

May it Pleaſhe thy Grauſhes Neckſhellence,

THere iſh happen to be great Falling-out between me Maſhter Major White, *and me Shelfe, conſharning ſhom monyſh that iſh owing unto me from him-*

ſhelfe, and be Creeſht, dear Joy, Y will tall thee it iſh for Wages; now the Devil tauke me but Y will make Petition upon thee, that thee wouldſt be pleaſed to do me the favour to do me the kindneſh, to tauke order wid him that he may pay me the mony; and be me Shalwaſhion Y will tell thee, Y will buy Comiſhion of thee for a Captain or a Collonelſh plauſh Indede. So Y adviſh thee to tauke ſhpeaſhial caure that I may hauve what iſh due to me, for the Deevil tauke thee if Y can tell what to do for want of it. Indede. And if thee own dear ſhelfe cannot tauke order for me, Y will pray thee to make petiſhion fore me upon his Majeſhties Grauce

into

into England, *that* I *may not have Cheat put upon me, for what iſh my own Indede.*

Sho I *reſht, Dear Joy,*

thy Grauſhes hum-

ble Sharvant

M. D.

The Governour having conſidered the Contents of the Petition, began to Enquire what this Major *White* was, and being informed that the Gentleman had been dead for three years, he could not forbear ſmiling at the downright Ignorance of the Petitioner, and order'd him to be called in, when he ſpake to him to this purpoſe: Friend, I have read thy Paper here, and I find thee wouldſt have me order one Major *White* to pay thee mony; where is this Major *White*?

D. *Why, if thee will come along wid me* I *will*

will ſhow thee whare he iſh put under a Shtone indede.

Gov. What! is he dead then?

D. *Yeſh be Creeſht iſh he.*

Gov. How long?

D. *It iſh! let me ſhee, it iſh about tree Yearſh, dear Joy.*

Gov. This is very pretty, and thou wou'dſt have me ſue him in the Grave for thee, I warrant thee? ha!

D. *Yeſh, yeſh, Devil tauke me Y wou'd indede.*

Gov. It is not like that ſuch a Gentlemen died in debt to his Servants, but the Dead pay no Debts.

D. *Be me Shoul dat iſh very pretty, dear Joy! than it iſh nothing but to dye and put the Cheat upon every body for what iſh due to them! be the Maſh thiſh iſh de greateſt Cheat in the wholl world now! Y will die too be Creeſht, and put the great Cheat upon every body too indede.*

The Governour was ready to burſt with the Comedy, and ordered his Servants to make the *Iriſh-man* drink, and ſo diſmiſt him.

5.

A certain Collonel having loſt one of his Hands in his Majeſties Service, and an Arti-

Artificial Hand of Steel put on, and it was done with that Curioſity, that he could hold his Fork in it or take up a cup of Beer, or command his Horſe with it, but ſtill it appeared to be Steel, and was very finely polliſhed. It happened a Dear Joy was waiting upon his Maſter at Table, who dined with the Collonel; he took great notice of the Steel Hand, at length (quoth he to the Collonels Servant) *I prethee tell me, waſh dy Maſhter born wid dat Hand? be Creeſht it iſh very ſtrange an Iron Hand ſhou'd grow ſo big, iſh it not?* the Servant told the Iriſh-mans queſtion to the Table, who laught heartily at it.

6.

Naturam Expellas Fune *licet uſq; Recurret.* Once a Taylor and always a Thief, was an Addage founded upon good Experience; or if that will not Convince you of the unalterableneſs of mens natural Diſpoſitions, perhaps the enſuing Story may.

It is ſaid a certain Mac-lander had liſted himſelf in the *Spaniſh* Army in *Flanders*, but (not well approving of that Service) had deſerted his Colours, and was thereupon apprehended, and tied up to Deſtiny upon

upon a Gibbet not far from *Bruges*; A Country-man paſſing by with his Cart in little time after the body had been truſſed up, and conſidering him to be a proper Fellow; (having likewiſe felt, and found his body very warm, and that his breath had not quite deſerted it) began to entertain ſome thoughts of taking him down, and endeavouring to reſtore him again to the number of the Living; accordingly, when he had driven the Cart under the Tree, and received the body in it, he cut the Hemp, and drave him home, where there was immediate care taken, by bleeding, fomenting, and other requiſite means for his recovery, ſo that in few hours he was as if he had never been ſuſpended: He had a remembrance that he had been drag'd to the place of Execution, but not the leaſt apprehenſion of what had been done to him afterwards. The honeſt Country-man told him the condition he had found him in, and the Cure, and means that had been taken for his recovery, *Mac.* ſeemed very penitent, and reſolved upon a new Courſe of Life; Complaining much *upon de Shaints* upon (ſays he) *be Creeſht Y have mauke abundanſh of Shuplicauſion, aund Y have been ſhivil to dem indede, Aund eet upon aall daat*

ne.ver

neever one of dem waſh ſho kind to come ſhaave me, or to taake de Shtring from me Neck indeed: Noow de plaague devil dem, for I am ſhatiſhfied de beeſht honeſhter man dan dey be, I have mauke much ſharviſh, and kindneſh upon dem, aund dey waſh not come to ſhave me, aund I vill not come to dem again indede; but I vill be vid dee, aund vill mauke all me Sharviſh upon dee, in fait, and let dem aall be ſharved aſh dey vou'd let me be ſharved, indede.

The Country man hoped that he had gained a ſtout Servant, and was very well ſatisfied in what he had done. But there are a ſort of Horſes, bred in a certain Country, that all the art and care of the moſt Exquiſite Jocky can never reclaim or break from their *Jades tricks*, they will ſtill retain their unlucky Qualities, and it is not improbable that many of the Natives of that Land are of the ſame diſpoſition with their *beaſts* (that is to ſay) they are not Reclaimable. For this very *Mac.* we are now ſpeaking of, no ſooner was intruſted by the honeſt *Flanderkin*, to aſſiſt him in the buſineſs of his Husbandry; no ſooner was he *Warm*, but *(like the Snake)* his *Poyſon returned* to him: his *Mac. qualities regained* upon him, he made a ſhift to rob the honeſt Country man of what he could pillage, and rid away

way with one of his beſt Horſes to the bargain, and this within three days after the good man had ſaved his Life: The *Flanderkin* and his Son ſoon perceiving ſomething amiſs, purſued the ungrateful wretch, and in a League or two of the Village found him wallowing in Brandy, *(a Baſtard ſort of Uſquebah)* He was immediately bound, and Manackled, carried to his Maſters houſe, and there *once more* put into the *Cart*, and conveyed to the place from whence he had been *repriev'd* from *Execution*, when he came underneath the *Fertile Tree*, and had the ſecond time taken the form of hanging into his conſideration, there was a great *hoo hoob* raiſed within him, by reaſon of ſomething of regret he had to make his *Exit* on that faſhion: But for greater *decorum* of Concluſion *(for want of a Ghoſtly Father)* he made his Confeſſion to his Executioners in manner and form following *(that iſh to ſhay) Yt iſh a plaugy Cauſh indede (me Dear Joy) dat dee vilt tye me up to diſh deevilliſh Unwholſome plauſh agen be Chreeſht; Noow de deevil tauke me, aund be Shaint* Pautrickſh *Shoo-bookle! it iſh very haard indede! Me Fadder waſh a Cut-Troat be de Maſh, in fait; and he had great Liberty of Conſhianſh, to do every Ting: aund be Creeſht! hoo! hoo! hoo!*

woo! woo! woo! it iſh bloudy hard indede! Noow to maake two Murdar upon me body indede, Furſht de King of Shpainſh Laaweſh, for deſharting me Colourſh, indede! and now (deare Joy) be Chreeſht dee vilt hang me too, for ſhorn Piſhtolſh, and a plaugy dronkan Guelding of a Maure, (be Chreeſht) dat ſhtop at the next Braandy Shop, aund noow de deevil tauke de Maure too indede, daat ſhe cou'd not run avay furdar vid me, aund be de Maſh I muſht be haung'd twiſh noow for de Jaud'ſh treekſh of diſh plaugy Maure indede! hoo! hoo! woo! hoo! hoo! Noow de deevil tauke dee too noow, aund vaat muſht I be haung'd twiſhe for noow? heare iſh dy Maure agen indede, aund heare iſh de Piſhtolſh, aal but Shix upon me fait noow! Aund I predee, deare Joy, lat uſh be friendſh agaain, indede! aund I vill Sware me ſhelfe to de Devil for dee indede: Hark ye, hark ye, (dear Joy) quoth the *Spaniard*, I do you no wrong, I found you hear in a *Stinking pickle*, I carried you home, and dry'd ye, and made ye Clean; in fine, I ſav'd ye once from the Gallows, and ye have ſerv'd me accordingly, and now let the next Man that has a mind to be Cheated, take thee down agen, for I will e'en *leave thee* as I found *thee*, and ſo *Farewell and be hang'd*, that's twice God bu'y.

Having ſo ſaid, they left there the dangling Object to ſcare the Paſſengers, who were in great ſurpriſe to ſee the ſame Man

that was hang'd for three days before, and they thought buried the ſame Night, come again and hang upon the ſame Gibbet, and that now he had got *Boots* on, whereas before he had none, (for you muſt know the Farmer, and his Son were in ſuch haſt to be rid of him, that they e'n tied him up in the ſame garbe that they found him,) this (as I was ſaying) mightily ſurpriſed them, and they thought the Devil had ſent him *Poſt* back again.

7.

A Gentleman's Footman in the Country took an occaſion to Gallant the Kitching Maid (between whom, and himſelf, there had paſſed many an amorous Intrigue) and leading her into the Orchard in a Summer Evening they happened to ſit down under a Pipping Tree, to entertain themſelves with a little private Converſe; It was about the buſineſs of *Comfortable Importance*; 'Be Shaint *Paatricks* Shoo-horne '(quoth *Donell*) Y haave very much great 'deal of Love for dee, Y vill put ſhom kiſh 'upon dee fauſh, aund maake ſhom Child 'upon dee body indede! and ſo *Donnel* put what he had ſaid in execution: Now it happened that upon that very Tree was a Spark, who had come thither to borrow ſome of the Fruit, and upon their approach

to

to that place, kept himself very close, but so that he saw and heard all that passed. When the Exercise was over (said the Miss to the Lover) O! *Donnel*, you and I have often had these enjoyments; but if I should prove with Child, what care would there be taken of me, or the Infant? 'Noow 'de Deevil tauke me (replyed he) be de 'Mash it ish unshivil for dee to put such 'question upon me indede; pradee lat me 'shom more kish upon de faush in fait, and 'dere ish one above vill tauke caure for de 'Child and dee too be Creesht. That's a damn'd lye (quoth the Fellow in the Tree) for I never intend to take care for any Bastards, but of my own getting. Upon which words they both ran away in great confusion; *Donnel* crying out, 'Be me shal-'washion de deevil hash been vitness to vat 'vee haave don indede; aund if dee beesht 'mauke vid Child, he himshelfe shall be de 'Godfader in fait.

8.

Bryan having hurted one of his Legs, that it was much swollen, and his Master having occasion to send him a considerable Journey into the Country; *Bryan* went to the Shoomaker, directing him to make one of his Boots pretty much bigger than the other. When the Boots were brought

home, and to be put on, *Bryan* fell into a great fumigation with the Shoomaker, Swaring at him, 'Be de Shoul of mine Fa-'der aund me Graundfader, let a touſhand 'deevilſh pull me to peeſhes, if dou beeſht 'not de greateſht Fool dat ever waſh borne 'upon a woman; vaat de deevil canſh dee 'nót undarſhtand vaat iſh ſho plain ſhaid 'to dee, Y did bad dee mauke one of me 'Botoſh biggar dan de toddar, aund be 'Chreeſht de ſhimpleton have mauke one 'Leſhar dan de toddar: Preddee dear Joy! 'dee maiſht tauke dem home vid dy none 'ſhelſe again indede, day vill not be upon ſharviſh for me be Creeſht noow. La.

9.

Mac Clan, and his Man being travelling together upon the Road, and one of his Horſes was lamed by a prick of a Nail, the other had received a ſtrain in one Shoulder: 'Be Shaint *Pantricks* Tobacco-ſtop-'per, and Shaint *Brigatsh* Thimble, noow 'de deevil reed avaay upon me in fait, but 'one of deshe Horshes ish boat doown-'reeght laam, in fait! yeet be me Maſh-'booke, de blaake Maure be a ſhtoutar 'Horſe dan de vite Naag indede, Deevil 'take me if Y have not maake ride upon 'me laame Beetch indede, dat mine Arſh 'iſh ſho ſhore aſh de baak of mine haund,

'in

'in fait; plaague deevil de daumn Beech
for me, she vill never leave mauke shtum-
'ble aund faul, before she trow me from
'de Shadle down Shtairesh, and brauk me
'Neck, be Creesht. But *Dennish* (quoth
'he to his Man) Y vill mauke shpeak upon
'dee a leetle indede, upon a wheesh foot ish
'me Maure laume indede? Noow de plau-
'gue taake dee in fait, dosht not dee knaw?
'be Creesht it ish de hander footsh before,
'(replyed *Dennish* to his Master.) Aund be
'me Shawl vaat ish de maatre daat dy Naag
'be sho upreeht laume, Y preddee? Noow
'de deevil taake dee indede, dear Joy!
'(replyed *Dennis* to his Master again) dosht
'dee not shee vid dyne Eyshe indede?
'whee dan Y vill tall de noow, it ish the
'Rumpe-boan of de reeght Sholdar upon
'the neddar side dat is put oout of hish
'plaush, Joy, aund be Shaint *Antonie*, de
'deevil taake me but Y am sho laume daat
'Y cannot sheet upon de baak of de deevil
'any longar in fait, noow! They jogg'd
on upon their cripled Jades for a long time,
sometimes curſing themſelves, ſometimes
their Horſes, ſometimes their Saints, or
any thing they thought on; till at length
they ſtumbled upon a Farriers Shop, in a
ſmall Country Village upon the Road;
they got up to him, *Ashke bish audvisht a-
bout theire Roſinante's*; Vulcan told them, one
muſt have his foot drawn, and the other

be rowled on the Shoulder, and that they must have many days reſt, before he could warrant a Cure upon them. 'Deevil rasht 'dare Sholesh in dare grauvesh indede, (re-'plyed *Mac Clan*) voo de pocksh vou'd be 'sho plaug'd vid a couple of deevillish bee-'ches, in fait? Yveesh vid aul me Shoul, 'indede! dat Y haud mauke von lushtie 'auble Horſe for boat de beechesh, in fait, 'La!

Say you ſo (quoth the Farrier, who perceived the *Simplicity* of the *Animal's*,) If you will leave the Horſes to my care; I doubt not but for both of them I may procure a ſtout Nagg, againſt your return this way: *Vid aul mine harte deare Jy*, (ſaid Mac Clan) *Y will mauke put dem upon dy Caure be me ſhoul, and Y will mauke caull upon dee about tree Weekſh after yeſhterday, aund Y will geeve dee ſhatiſhfaction for dy kind-neſh to me Horſhes, indede! aund be Creeſht deare Jy, ſhe dou mauke a propper Galding oout of dem too, indede!* Let me alone for that (replyed the Smith) and ſo they parted, leaving their Cattle to his care, whilſt they purſued the reſt of their Journy on *foot-back*, about fifty Miles: during their abſence (you muſt know) the Farrier had cured, and put off the two Beaſts belonging to *Mac Clan*, and his Man *Dennis*, and had *got Mony by the bargin*: And had provided an old rotten *Keffill* to accommo-

date

date the Sparke at his return: By the way you are to underſtand, that *Mac's* Mare was black, and *Dennis's* Nagg was white, and the Beaſt that *Vulcan* had provided was *Pyed*, anſwerable to both their Colours: So that when our Sparke returned, and ſaw the *Animal* that was provided for him, he concluded with himſelf that it had (in earneſt) been *Compounded* of his *Black* Mare, and *Denis's White* Nagg. *Noow be ſhaint Bartelemew's Butcharing knife* (deare Joy,) (Says *Mac Clan* to the Farrier) *let mee ſhinke up to de Eareſh in de neckſht boog be Creeſht, but dee art ſhartainly de mann of de moſht Confounded Shienſh in de Vorld, in fait, for dere iſh de ſname Collourſh be Creeſht, de very ſhame Coemplack-ſhion aſh me maure vaſh, and de ſame vite bainſh aſh vas upon Denniſh's Horſhe; be de Maſh it iſh like boat one of de too; But I vill mauke a leetle ſhpeaking upon dee (deare Joy) What iſh de reaſhon daat diſh horſhe iſh ſhoe leetle, aund be me ſhould indede, dee haſht put too Horſhes into hiſh body? I ſhould mauke Expectaſhionſh dat de too Horſhes ſhould mauke one tall, Shtrong. and luſhty Guadding, indede?* You muſt conſider this is but a Colt yet, being not three weeks ſince it was made, but when it is full growne, it will be a mighty Beaſh indeed. *Dſht dee heare daat* Denniſh (quoth Mac to his Man) *be Creeſht it iſh a Colt* (he ſhay) *aund it vill be a veery grate Horſhe, van be be*

grown

grown op to Manſh Eſhtate. Be Chreeſht diſh be the verey Larned Man in fait; Deevil tauke me deare Joy, I will mauke publicaaſhion of dy great ſhkill in every plauſh indede. In fine, they came to agreement what the Farrier was to have for making up the two lame Horſes, into one; *Mac* pay'd him his demands, put one of the Sadles upon *Pye*, and *Mac* gat upon the outſide of him, the other Sadle was girt on upon *Dennis*, who followed his Maſter on foot. They parted from the Farrier, not without great ſuſpicion of his being a Conjurer; *Dennis* was once under ſome fear, when the Saddle was faſtned to his back, Leaſt the Man of Art ſhould have converted him to a Horſe too. They had not travail'd farr before *Dennis* perceived his Maſters Horſe to be lame of all four, and upon that Occaſion addreſs'd himſelf to him after this ſort. "Noow de 'Deevill tauke dee, deare Joy; de two 'Horſhes daat was maake up into diſh 'Cattle, vaſh laume but upon too ſhideſh, 'indede; but in fait diſh Gualding iſh lame 'upon all de fowre footſh, La: ſhee ſhee 'vat a damn fool dou art *(replayed Mac)* 'aund be Creeſht did not de Larned man 'Shay it waſh a Colt; and Deevill tauke 'me, hiſh footſh vill be tandar diſh great 'vile, till hiſh naileſht be grow hard and 'ſhtrong indede. Many more Obſervations were made upon their Miraculous Beaſt;

Beaſt; and ſome ſay *Mac* was upon *mauking Petiſhion to mauke ſhow of his Twin-Barb at the Bell Shavage.*

10

Pautrick had been in the Warrs in *Germany*, and after his return, ſitting in Company with ſome of his brother Brogues, he was vanting what dangers he had gon through, what exploits he had don, and amongſt the reſt that he had cut off one of the Enemies Legs, "Be Creeſht *Pautrick* '(*ſays one of them*) dee ſhoudſht have diſh-'charged, dee Paike at him, annd hauve 'Cutt hiſh heed off from hiſh body. 'Noow de Deevill tauke me (*replyed he*) 'daat iſh veery true indede, but be de 'Mauſh deare Joy, Y caume too laute for 'daat indede, for be me ſhalwaſhion hiſh 'heed vaſh tauken avay before indede now.

11.

One of deare-Joy-Land had a Son that ſerved a Gentleman here, in quality of his Foot-man; after he had been in *England* for ſome time, his Friends (upon ſome Occaſion) writ over for a Teſtimonial whether he was alive, or not, upon Conſulting his Acquaintance about the matter, they adviſed him to get a Scrivener to draw

it

it, and get it ſigned by the hands of the moſt Credible Countrey men that were known to his Relations: This being all done accordingly, he was told he might ſend it by Poſt to *Cheſter*, and after the Pacquet Boat would take Care of it: One night his Maſter ſent him to the Poſt houſe with Letters; and he had ſome Inclination to have put in his Certificate, but fearing the Pacquet Boat might miſcarry, he reſolved to carry it himſelf; His Maſter ſaw him no more in ſix weeks, at length he appears again, and being asked what had occaſion'd him to abſent himſelf ſo long; he made anſwer to this purpoſe. "Be 'Creeſht me Relauſhionſh deed mauſke 'ſhand a Leetre, daat Y muſht ſhend dem 'a Shartificate daat Y waſh alive; Y haad 'geet a skriviſhner to mauke vrite upon de 'Pauper for me, aund it vaſh ſhined be me 'Friendſh here indede, but upon feare daat 'de Pacquat Boat ſhould miſcary, be Creeſht 'Y did mauke goe, and carry eet me 'ſhelſe indede, daat van day ſhee de Shar-'tificatſh, dey maight tinke it vaſh meen awn 'ſhelſe daat vaſh alive indede.

12

Teague having been Obliged to wait upon his Maſter to *Edingbourgh*, where he continued for ſome time, at his returne to *London* fell

fell in Company of some of his old Aquaintance, how doest thou like that Country Teague (says one of them) 'Y will tall 'dee be Creesht (*replyed he*) Y vash Sheeke 'all de time Y vash dare indede; And be 'shaint *Pautrick* if Y haud Leeved daure 'till 'dish time, be de Maush, de Deevill tauke 'me indede, but Y shou'ed hauve been deed 'noow for Sheaven Yearsh agoe, deare 'Joy, upon me fait it ish true indede.

13

A certain Lord having a Nimble *Bog-Trotter* to his servant which use to travell with him when he rode and wou'd make as quick speed as his Horse let him ride never so hard, This Nobleman having occasion to send his servant to a Gentleman of his acquaintance who lived about a dozen Miles from him, he call'd his Man to him over Night, and said *Teague* (for so the fellow was named) I must send you to morrow very early in the morning to Mr.... pray remember, to which *Teague* reply'd *au my shaul Joy I saul remember very well*, In the morning *Teague* rose very Early and away he trots to this Gentlemans house leaving his Master (as supposed) a sleep, and being come *Teague* knocked at the Door, and was let in, Who presently ask'd for the Gentleman, the Master of the House, to which the Servant

vant answered he was not stirring; *Teague* said 'be Chreesht I must speake with him 'I did come from the Lord... my Master. The Servant went & acquainted his Master thereof, (thinking it had been some Urgent affair that *Teague* should come 12. miles so soon in the morning.) Whereupon his Mr. having a great respect for the Lord (and believing it business of Moment) ordered *Teague* to come up to his Chamber, And the Gentleman said how now *Teague*, what news doe you bring from My Lord your Mr. that you are here so Early, to which *Teague* answered, *be Chreſt I cano tell*, how does my Lord quoth the Gent. *Indeed very well, said Teague*, what is your Errant or business with me *Teague*, (quoth the Gent.) Quoth Teague 'be Chreſt & St. Patrick I cannot tell, My 'Lord did call me to him over night and 'said I must come to thee this morning, yes 'indeed, & he did charge me to remember 'it, and be Chreſt thou canst witness I have 'not forgat it for thou seest I am here with 'thee, *quoth the Gent. is this all*, quoth *Teague* 'au my shaul I doe not know any more, and 'so I will goe home (Dear Joy) to my 'Master and tell him I did remember to 'come to thee (quoth the Gentleman) now I think on't *Teague*, you must stay a little while, I have something to send to your Master, which you come for, *be Chreesht* (*quoth* Teague) *I cano tell*: Then the Gentleman

tleman began to think how he should be reveng'd of this Rogue that had thus disturb'd him to no purpose, at length he Considered he had an ugly stone Morter which he did not value, which Mortar he gave *Teague* and told him, he came for that Mortar, and that his Master had sent him purposely for it; The Mortar weighed about 80 l. which *Teague* gott upon his Back, and took his leave of the Gentleman, many a face and many a Curse he did make at the Mortar, for it did hurt his back and shoulders, and almost grippled poor *Teague*, but he was bound to endure it with Patience, having brought it home, he had some help to get it off his back; And the rest of his Servants asked him where he had been, for his Lord miss'd him; To which he was Dumb and would not answer any thing for a long while, at last My Lord being at a Bouling Green near, sent to see for *Teague*, and to command him to come to him, who came to the Green to My Lord, said the Lord to *Teague* ye plaguy Rogue where have you been all this day, *Teague* made ugly faces and points to his back an shoulders (being sore and gauld by the stone Mortar) and as often as My Lord ask'd him where he had been, My Lord received no other answer but wretched wry faces and pointing to his shoulders & back, till at length my Lord grew a little angry, Sirra, said he, tell me where

you have been & the meaning of your Point-
tings and wry Mouth, or else I will Cudgel
your bones, Then *Teague* answered, didst
thou not say I must goe to Mr.... this morn-
ing, *and be Chrest I have been with him*, you
damn'd Rogue, said My Lord, I told you over
night you should goe to him in the morning,
but you should have come to me and taken
my Errant along with you, *A plague take*
thee, and they Errant to, I did bring they Errant
upon my back be Chreest, till I did bruise my
shoulders, and au my shoul I shal goe no more for
thy Errants, nay *Teague* (quoth my Lord, do
not say so) what is it you brought from the
Gentleman, *be Chreest thou may'st see it if thou*
wilt goe home, no Teague, said the Lord (being
willing that some Gentlemen should share in
the mirth that this fellow was like to make
among them) goe you home and fetch the
Errant that has so mortifyed your shoulders
and let me see it, *Teague* goes home and
takes up the Morter and brings it to his
Master upon the Green, and throwes it
down there, at which they all laughed
heartily that this fellow should be so sordid
as to goe to the Gentleman without his
Errant, and commended the Gentlemans In-
genuity to punish the fool with such a bur-
then. To be short, his Master and the Com-
pany having had sport enough with his
sowr faces, his pointings and his Errant, his
Master bid him carry the Mortar home
but

but withall to goe to the Gentleman again, and fetch the Pestell to the Morter, he having forgot it.

14.

Among the Servants of a Certain Noble-man were a *Teaguelander*, and a *French man*, and these two did sometimes jarr, sometimes were mighty loving. It hapned at a certain time that these two Sparks were in a hott dispute about their Country, and their Saints; And de *French man* did sputter much in Praise of his Country, and of St. *Dennis* who was Saint for *France*, saying that no Saint in all the World could compare to St. *Dennis*, *po po po po po po, Jay war, what St.* Dennis, says *Teague*, quoth the *French* man, St. *Dennis* was Saint for *France*, and St. *Dennis* was murdered at *Paris*, and his Head was cutt off, and begar me tell you no lye, when his Head have been Cutt off, St. *Dennis* did ketch up his Head in his hands and he did carry it two leagues after it was cut off in his hands, and there he did faint and fall down, so he was buryed in that Place, and there is a Chappell built and called by the Name of St. *Dennis* to this day, and all the Kings of *France* will be Crown'd there. the *Teaguelander* did burst into laughter, and did say, *be Chreest my Joy thou dost make great Prate of thy St.* Dennis, *but upon my*

Shalvation St. Patrick *was far beyond him, St.* Patrick, *quoth*, the *French man*, What was St. Patrick, *Po po po, be Chriſt*, ſays the Iriſh man, *doeſt thou not know St. Patrick*, no begar ſaid the *French man*, me did never hear of an *Iriſh* Saint, *no quoth* Teague, *be Chreſt I ſhall break thy Pate for thee, what doſt thou ſay there be no* Teagueland *Saint*, theſe words cauſed ſome blows, but they were quickly parted, and the *French man* was judged to be in the wrong, becauſe he gave affront to the *Teaguelander* in Contradicting him, ſo he did ask the Bog Trotter pardon, and deſired him to go on upon his ſtory; Then ſaid the Bog Trotter, *St. Patrick was Saint for* Ireland, *and he was murdered at* Dublin *in* Ireland, *and his Head was Cut off, But the Holy Saint did take his Head up and did make to the Sea ſide, reſolving not to ſtay in that Country where they had ſo ſerv'd him, and coming to the ſea ſide, he did fling himſelf into the Sea, and he did ſwim indeed three-ſcore Leagues, and then he did come on ſhoar, and was ſo faint that he dyed, and he was buryed, and the Place is called* Holy Head *to this day.* Quoth the *French man*, how did he ſwim, upon his back, quoth the *Iriſh man*, no be Chreſt he did ſwim upon his Belly, and did ſtrike out his hands as I doe now (he ſtriking out his hands in imitation) where ſays the *French man*, did he carry his head then, *Po po po, Joy, why be Chreſt he did carry it in his Mouth betwixt his Teeth, and indeed and upon my Shalvation it is true.*

15

A certain *Teague* call'd *Comines*, begging of some Gentleman some Charity, one of the Gentleman said to him, *Comines* why dost not thou get some preferment amongst thy Country-men, you see the King is very kind to your Country-men and gives them Places, and makes some Officers in the Army, why dont you put forward, and beg a Lieutenants Place of his Majesty, or if it be but a Serjeants, it would be better than this Scandalous way of begging; To which *Comines* reply'd, *That the King had made him a Justice of Peace in* Teagueland, *and he would not accept of any Preferment in the Army, but that some great Men did detain his Papers from him, and said hee, an my shoul I canno goe for* Teagueland *till they will give me my Papers.*

16

The said *Comines* did frequent a certain *Printers House* neer *Charing Cross*, that the People were weary'd of him, and the Master said before a Gentlemans Servant that lodged in his House, I would fain be rid of this Fellow, this *Comines*, for I can never be quiet for him, said the Gentlemans Servant, I will shoot him for you if you

will, no ſaid the Maſter, I would not have him hurt, no ſaid the Servant I will not hurt him, then ſaid the Maſter doe what you will to him; So *Comines* one day ſtanding with his back to the Window of the back ſhop of the Printer, and the Printer being walking and talking with a Friend, the Gentlemans Servant hapned to came down to the ſhop, and ſpying *Comines* at the Window, Pops out a pocket Piſtoll, and theer being a Pain broke, he fires the Piſtoll under *Comines* ear; It did no further hurt then cauſ'd his Peruke to ſtink for the preſent, but *Comines* falls down and Cryes out, *a Poor* Comines *be Chreſt*, *Poor* Comines *the Kings Evidence is killed*, *I am* Dead, *I am* Dead; The Printer finding ſome red Ink did ſprinckle ſome upon his Face and Cloths as he lay tumbling, ſometimes with his face upward, and his Eyes ſhut, ſometimes on his back, roaring out that he was murdered, and the Kings beſt Evidence ſlain, at length having continued in this maner ſome time, and no Body condoling him (for it was a back Place where few People came) he began to take ſome Courage, and rubbing himſelf with his hands about his Face, he opened his Eyes, and ſaw his hands (as he thought) all bloody, which was only the red Ink, then he Cry'd out louder and Tumbled up and down ſaying *be Chreſt my heart blud is out*, *and upon my Shalvation*

bea

have wash'd my hands in my heart blood! O for the Soul of St. Patrick *help poor* Comines *whose heart blood is spilt for the Kings sake*, but those which were thereby, did so flout and jeer him, that at last he did get up upon his Leggs, and did dog trot it away having never since been seen there, a pretty way to be rid of Impertinent Irish Beggars.

A certain *Teaguelander* came to some of his Comrades, and did say to them, *who dear Joy, doe you think is dead, be Chrest* (says one) *I cano tell*, the other answered in the same manner, *why faith, dear Joy, it is our Friend* Mac Daniel, *and au my shoul you must come to the Funerall*, quoth the *Teaguelanders* Comrades, *when did our Freind dye*, quoth the Bog Trotter *he did dye to Morrow be Chrest*, then quoth they, *when will he be buryed*, said the other, *he will be buried yesterday, yes indeed, and so God reast his shoul.*

17

One of St. *Patrics* Countrymen belonging to a certain Lord, did Enquire in *Dublin* in a certain Street for the Sign of the white Dog, to which he was answered, that there was no such Sign as that, he goes a little further, *War Joy*, says the Teaguelander, *canst thou tell me where the white* Dog *is*, no said the Man, there is no such Sign in this Street, *be Chrest*, sayes the other, *it must be in this*

Stree

Street; Then says the Man, there is the Talbott, but no white Dog, *Po Po Po, Joy, he Chreſt that is the white* Dog, says the Man I tell you no, it is the Talbot, said the Teaguelander, *Hold my dear Joy, you muſt not call it the* Talbot, *but the white* Dog *for the Lord Tyrconels's Name is* Talbot, *therefore you muſt say the white* Dog.

18

A certain Lady ſending her Servant for ſome Candles, the Fellow meeting with a Comrade of his, ſtood talking in the Street with him, and having the Candles tyed up in a bunch he held then dangling in his hand, by and by comes a drunken Fellow along, and it hapned that this drunken Fellow beat the Candles out of his hand into the Dirt, the Wealker being very durty, *O* ſaid the Teaguelander, *be Chreſt I am undon my Lady will break my Pate and turn me away! O what ſhall I doe my Candles are all ſpoild in the* Dirt; But the Candles had received no further Prejudice then being dirty, ſayes *Mac* to his Country man, *my dear Joy prethee tell me what I ſall doe to make my Candles clean and white as they were, for as my ſhoul I dare not goe home to my Lady till I have made 'em clean*; So laying their Noddles together, it was agreed by them both to goe to the next *Coffee houſe*, ſays Mac, *Hark me dear Joy*

(to the Maſter) *I faith I have had a great Misfortune, my Candles have fell in the dirt, and I dere not goe home to my Lady before they be clean, prethee Joy if thou canſt make 'em clean I ſall thank thee, and I will ſpend ſome mony in they houſe on my ſhoul I will, dear Joy*; well ſaid the Coffee man, let me ſee them, the Coffee man took them & put them into a Platter, and waſh'd them with ſome of hot Liquor, ſo that the Dirt came off and ſome of the Tallow alſo, but they were clean; ſo the Coffee-man brought *Mac* the Candles; ſaid *Mac*, *Noow be Chreeſt and de Devil taake me, I ſhware be him dat made me, thou haſt done dem very well, but on me ſhoul dear Joy, thou muſht dry them too, for dey be all vet*, where ſhall I dry them (ſaid the Coffee man) *Po po po, Joy, come hiſher wit me aund I will ſhow dee*, ſo he took the Candles and hung them in the Chimney; and he did ſay, *Good Maſter Coffeeman, preake geeve me a Pipe of Tobacco, I vill ſmoak one Pipe, and be dat time dey vill be dree indede.* While this Son of *Teagueland* was ſmoaking, the Candles dript away all the while; ſo that when poor *Mac's* Pipe was out, he did go for his Candles, but he could find none, then ſaid he, *Be Chreeſt de damn Rogues haave ſtole me Caundles! O me Shoul I muſht not go home to me Landy widout me Chaundles*; but the Coffeeman preſently ſhow'd him the Wicks of his Candles, and told him the Tallow was all melted into the fire. This is an Experiment,

riment, how to dry Candles when they are wet.

19.

Another of the Sons of *Teagueland* having got into the Service of a worthy Gentleman, and lying with the reſt of the Servants who did uſually fart; *Mac* told his Maſter of it, and ſaid to him, *Dear Joy, predee mauke anoder Lodging, for I cowe lie vith de naſty Shervants*; quoth the Maſter, what is the matter? quoth *Mac*, *be Chreeſt dey do ſo fart and ſtink, dat O me ſhoul doea mauke me very ſhick:* (quoth the Maſter) how can that make you ſick? *Yeſh indede* (quoth *Mac*) *for be Chreeſt de ſtink of de Fart dos get into me Noſhe, ſhomtime into me Mouſh, and it goes doon into me Bally and dos mauke me full of de Gripe of de Gut, on me ſhalwaſhion it iſh true, and I tauke me Snuſh, and be Chreeſt it all ſhmel of Fart:* ſo his Maſter promiſed to remedy the matter for him.

20.

Another Son of *Teagueland* drinking Brandy with his Comrade, (ſaid to the other,) *Dear Joy, we muſht not drink too muſh Braundy, it vill mauke uſh ſleep, and den we ſhall be deed, aſh me Friend waſh de oder day*; ſays the other to him, *How dead! I prethee how doſt*

doſt thou meam? the other replies, *be Chreeſt I had a dear Friand did drink ſo muſh Brandy he did fall a ſleep, and be Chreeſt when he awaked he was deed, yeſh indede.*

21.

A certain Nobleman having a Servant of *Teagueland*, whom he loved very well, and would intruſt him with his Plate, and made him his Butler; this Fellow continued honeſt a while, and having occaſion to drink with one of his Country men wanted Money to entertain him abroad, having thought on ſeveral ways to get ſome, thoſe did not pleaſe him; at laſt he took one of his Maſters Diſhes, which was Silver, as his Lord us'd nothing elſe) and did find out a way to cut out his Maſter's Coat of Arms from the Plate, and threw the reſt down the Vault, becauſe it ſhould not be ſeen to accuſe him of his Theft; when he had ſo done, he and his Friend went to the Ale-houſe, and having plentifully liquor'd themſelves: The aforeſaid Butler call'd to the people to change his money, and gave this piece to them, which was about the bigneſs of half a Crown; the people refus'd it, and ſaid it was none of the Kings Coyn; *Be me Shoul, ſaid* Mac. *it iſh a vary good haulf Croon, and I vill go and chaunge it*; ſo being near his Lords houſe, he went home

home and showed it to one of my Lords Gentlemen, and said, *Dear Joy, pradee geeve me two shallings aund sixe pance for thish haulf Croown?* the Gentleman answered, how Sirrah! this is my Lord Dukes Coat of Arms! *Po, po, po, po, joy! O me Shoul dere isth de King on horsheback; It isth a very good haulf Croon*; but the Lord Duke being acquainted of the passage, examin'd *Mac* where he had it; *be me Shoul*, said his Servant, *Thou didsht put haulf Croons upon dy Plate, and I had occasshion for to mauke use of one with me Countryman, and I did tauke it from dy Plate:* The Lord said, you Rogue, where is the rest of the Plate; *Po po, Joy, be Chreest dere isth no more haulf Croons upon it, it isth good for noting, O me shoul I did fling de resht in de house of Office*; O Villain! said the Nobleman, do you use these rogueries, I thought you very honest; *O me shoul, dear Joy, be not aungry*, says the *Teaguelander, here isth dy haulf Croon, and I vill feech dee de resht of dy Plate if dou cansht mauke more haulf Croons upon it.*

22.

A certain Nobleman having one of these Macks to his Servant, sent him to his Drugster for some *Sarsoparilla* (for his Lord did boil it with some other Ingredients, and drink it and as some drink *Tea.*) The Servant went to the Drugsters; and said, my Maste

Master must have some saucy Fellow *from this Shop*; the Master of the Shop examined his Men, who of them had affronted my Lord, that he should send in this manner? but his Servants denied that they ever gave occasion to my Lord to be angry. Whereupon the master going along with the Lords Servant to beg pardon or excuse, if any thing had disliked his Lordship; and as soon as his Man returned, the Lord asked him for the *Sarsaparilla?* the Servant replyed, *here is de Master of the Shop, I have brought him wid me*; You Rogue (quoth the Gentleman) I bid you bring some *Sarsaparilla*; *be Chreest* (says the Servant) *dere is no saucy Fellow dere:* At which both Lord and the Drugster laughed heartily at the Ignorance of the Fellow; the Master returned home and sent the *Sarsaparilla* by his Man.

23.

Another Virtuoso of *Teagueland*, being invited to a Venison Pasty, after he had fed very well, and satisfied himself; he came among his Friends and Countrymen in the Evening, and as they were drinking, one begun to talk what a rare Dinner he had this day, and another

told his Entertainment. At last the Virtuoso that had din'd with the Pasty, said, *Be Chreest I did dine with a Venison Pasty, it is true, but O my shoul! when it was first cut up, dere did come such an Echo from it, was ready to strike me down*; some Moderns call it a Hogo.

24.

Two certain *Teaguelanders* consulted together how they might raise their Fortunes, and to get Money, one of them had observed some body burning of Gold and Silver Lace, and did intend to make a trial of them upon Guilded Leather, so he imparted this to his Comrade; *Dear Joy, says he, you must assist me; dere is in such a plauce, a room with Guilt Leather, we vill cut away the Guilt Leather and burn it, and in faith we vill be marry with de Money we mauke of it:* They both put their resolution in practise, and did spoil a whole Room of that Furniture, and went away with it to have it burn'd: so they us'd an Alehouse near their Masters house, where they call'd for a Faggot and burnt it, and did put the Guilt Leather in the fire; having drunk a Pot or two, by that time the Fire and Leather was consumed, so they

they got a Broom and ſwept up Aſhes and all together, and then ſearched for the Gold that ſhould come from the Leather; at laſt both of them being impatient, having raked a pretty while, and could find nothing; the one ſaid to the other, *be Chreeſt I cano find de Gold, thou haſt ſtole the Gold:* Says the other, *O me ſhoul! dou art a lying Rogue, dou haſht rob'd me of me part and ſhtole it away:* At theſe words they were hot at it, that at laſt with the Noiſe and fury of theſe *Teaguelanders*, the Maſter came to part them, and enquire into the matter, and found they had been burning of Guilded Leather to get the Gold from it, ſo he diſcovered from whence they ſtole it, and the poor *Teaguelanders* had the gentle Laſh for it.

25

A certain *Teaguelander* being upon his Journey, in his way chanced to light upon a ſmall Pig, ſayes he to the Pig, *little Pig, will you come and ſtay with me a Moneth*, the Pig did ſay, a week, a week, a week, a week, four times, *then be Chreſt*, ſayes Mac, *that is a Moneth, for four Weekes mauke a month*, but poor *Teague* was taken for ſtealing the

Pig, and carryed before a juſtice, and *Mac* did ſay, *Mr. Juſtice, o my ſhalvation! the Pig did promiſe to live with me a Moneth, but if the Man will have him ſooner, here is the Pig for him.*

26

Another of the ſame Country, hapned to the ſervice of a very honeſt Gentleman, who was much pleas'd with his Servants talk, but his Maſter one time ſent him to receive forty pounds, and to bring it to him to ſuch a place, if he ſhould not be at home; Now *Mac* had been very juſt and faithfull in ſeverall Services his Maſter had employ'd him in many times before, and his Maſter did not doubt him in this affair; however *Mac* goes according to his Maſters order and receives the forty pounds, poor *Mac* never ſaw the like before, and having the money, reſolv'd to run away with it to his own Country; But withall, he went home firſt to take ſome of his linen and other things with him which he was not willing to leave behind, little thinking to meet his Maſter there, when poor *Mac* came in to the houſe, the firſt he met with was his Maſter, ſays his Maſter, how now *Mac*, haſt thou received the Mony I ſent thee

thee for? At which being surprized, *Mac* could not presently answer, sayes his Master, why dont you tell me Sirra whether you have received the mony? Quoth Mac, *the Devill tauke thee and thy money too*, quoth the Master, why so angry *Mac?* quoth Mac, *A Plague tauke dee aund they money too, I say, and there is they money, and the Devill tauke it*; prethee why so angry? says the Master, sayes Mac. *be Chreest when I had received they money the Devill did tempt me to run away with it, yesh indeed, but my Conscience came behind me and fetch'd me back again, and so the Devill tauke thee and thy money to*; Why *Mac*, where would you have run with it? quoth *Mac*, *O my shoul! into mine own Country*, in *Mackland*, then quoth the Master, I should have sallow'd you thither and put you in Prison, *Po po po po, Joy, be Chreest if thou hadst come there thou shoudst have been my Man there.*

27.

One *Barnewell* of *Dunbrough* in *Teagueland*, being a young Man, and his Father having a very handsom Maid Servant in his House, the Son had a great mind to lye with her, and upon a certain time when he went to the Priest to Confession, amongst

the reſt of his Sins, did Confeſs to his Father Fryer that he longed to lye with the Maid, but he never did attempt it; The Prieſt told him it was a great Sin nevertheleſs, for ſaid the Prieſt, thou haſt commitied fornication in they heart, becauſe thou didſt luſt after her, and therefore thou muſt doe Pennance for this, for it is an *Abomination*; ſo the Prieſt enjoyn'd young *Barnewell* to go 30 miles to a certain Church, and there to Pray, and that he muſt goe and come back barefoot to Expiate his Crime: To which poor *Barnewell* was forced to doe becauſe he would not diſoblige his own Father, but he was ſo gall'd and lam'd, and his feet ſo ſoar in the performance thereof, that he vow'd revenge upon the Prieſt; And it fell out, that upon a certain day a litle after his Penance, as *Barnwell* was looking about and Plowing ſome Ground which his Father had gave him, he ſpy'd the Prieſt Mare looking into an Oat feild of his, but could not get to it, ſo *Barnewell* called his Man, and ſaid to him, *doeſt thou not ſee the Prieſt Mare yonder looking into my Feild of Oats, be Chreeſt the Maure does luſt after my Oates, and I will mauke the Maure doe Pennance for it*; So *Barnewell* and his Man caught the Prieſts Mare, and opened an old ſtinking Pidgeon

geon-houſe door, and put the Mare in; The Prieſt the next day, having occaſion for his Mare, could not find her, and ſent all about to enquire after his Mare, but could hear no tidings; this continued about 5 days, the Prieſt then meeting with a Smith who was a Neighbour to *Barnwell*, ask'd him concerning his Mare; the Smith told him, he did belive *Barnewell* had play'd a ſtrick with the Mare, becauſe he vow'd (ſaid the Smith) to be revenged upon you for making him doe Pennance; Quoth the Prieſt, I have ſearch'd all about *Barnewells* Houſe and Ground, but I cannot find her, quoth the Smith to the Prieſt, Father, have you ſearched the Pidgeon-houſe? no *be me ſhoul, ſaid the Prieſt*; then the Smith and the Prieſt ſearched the Pidgeon-houſe and there found the Mare almoſt ſtarved and Chop-fall'n; The Prieſt complained to *Barnewells* Father of his roguery, at which the old Man began to reprove his Son, and ſaid, thou great Rogue, why doeſt thou doe ſuch things to the Holy man; his Son anſwered him, *on my ſhoul Father, he did mauke me doe Pennance becauſe I did Confeſs to him I had a mind to lye with thy Maid, and he did tell me I did luſt after her, tho I did not lye with her, and by Chreeſt did mauke me go 30 miles barefoot, and my feet are*

ſoar

ſoar to this day, and his Mare did luſt after my Oates, tho' he did not eat any, therefore I thought the Mare ſhould doe Pennance becauſe he did look and luſt after my Corne?

28.

A great debate happened between a *French* Footman, and an *Iriſh* Footman, which of their Countries was moſt Fertill; Quoth the Monſieur to the other, we have ſuch rich Graſs in *Brittany*, *dat begar it vill grow over de Horſe Legs in won Night, begar: And be Shaint* Holly-Head (replyed the other) *we have ſhuch fruitful Groundſh in* Yrelandt, *daat if dee mauke put in dy Horſhe into de Field at Neet, de caunſt not mauke find dy Horſhe in de Morning, in ſait.*

29.

Will (who was Footman to Sr. *Henry*-----) meeting with *Mac*, who was in the ſame quality with Eſq; F.---- Says *Will*, how the pox didſt thou come by that broken Face *Mac?* haſt thou been in the Wars? or hath ſome Female ſcratcht thee? *No be Shaint* Antonie (*replyed* Mac,) *Y vill tall dee indede, I did go and mauke dehauch wid ſhom: of me Countrymans; aund whan Y did*

ſhee

ſhee Y vaſh ſho dronke daat Y cou'd not go nor shtand, Y did run home ash faſht as Y cou'd drive indede, and be de Mash Y did faul a-shleep in de Shtreet by de vay, aund did mauke great Breake upon me Faush wid de fall, and de Vaatchmans did tauke me up, and caury me home indede. What in the Devil's name is all this (ſays *Will*.) thou cou'dſt not go nor ſtand, and yet didſt run home, and yet fell dead drunk in the way, and were carried home! why faith *Mac*, this is very aſtoniſhing.

30.

A *Dear Joy* that had waited on a Gentleman into *Holland*, told ſome of his Comrades, that the *P.* of *O.* lived at a very great and ſplendid rate, for that, *Y hauve ſeen* (quoth he) *be Chreeſt, tree or four shecond Courshes carried up to hish Tauble at vone Dinner, in fait, noow, la.*

31.

Bryan having been ſent in an Errant to a Gentlemans houſe in the Country, fell deeply in Love with a *Welch* Maid, who belonged to the Kitching there, ſometime after he met a Footman belonging to

to the ſame Gentleman; *Bryan* deſired him to *tauke* a pot of *drenk vid him, for a a quarter of an hour, vile he did mauke requeſt to ſhom Skriviſhner to vrite* a Letter for him to *Urſula*; which being done, *be me ſhoul Y did pray him to ſhend it upon* Urſula *by de Vaaterman indede.*

The Letter.

Shweet Mrs. Urſula,

BE *de ham of me Moddarſh Smock, aund be aul de Uſquebah daat vaſh drunk at mine Faderſh Vedding; de Deevil tauke me indede, but Y be ſho much in Lofe vid dee, daat Y cannot go to Bed aul the long Night for ſleeping upon dee; aund Y cannot be upon vaaking, but the Deevil tauke me, Y do fall upon dreaming conſharning thy*

thy ſhweet ſhelfe indede, daan do Y tink, vaat is the matre? vaat is the maatre vid mine awn ſhelfe? Aund Y do feend it is aal for much Love conſharning dee, in fait: Be me ſhalwaſhion Y vill tall dee vaat Y vill do indede; Y vill put kiſh upon dy fauſh indede, and Y vill be for mauking Child upon dy Body indede, aund Y will mauke a great del more conſharning dee, dan dyne own Moddar in fait. Noow de Deevil tauke de faſhion, daat van two yong Cople of Man and Voman be for coming togadder vid on anodder, daat dare muſht be mauking upon the great Sherimony of de Preſht, aund aul de People to mauke Witneſh upon it:

it: Be me Shoul Y vill not mauke ſtaying ſho long; but Y vill be dyne Husband vidout aal daat now, aund be Shaint Pautrick, *Y vill love dee like auny ting indede. Y vill ſhend to* Tredagh *for mine Moddarſh tree Goats, four Sheep, one Filly Mare, and the tauny Coow, and vee will be for mauking a Daury in* Lincolns-Inn-Felds *be Chreeſt, aund vee will mauke Butter and Cheſe, aund Eggs, and ſhell our ſhelves into Plauce and Conferrmant every day indedę. And we vill ſhing Curds and Crame be Chreeſt, and Buttar and Eggs, Bony-Clabber, and Tiff, untel de Coow ſhall have Caufe, de Maure ſhall have Colt,*

de

de Goats ſhall have Kidd, aund Urſulah *ſhall hauve Child indede ; Aund dan vee vill ſhet up Houſh-kepin and be for livein aul togadder , be Chreeſt, as it is de faſhion in mine awn Country, in fait. Noow de Deevil tauke me, dear Joy, dou ſhaut be for ſending Aunſwer to vaat Y hauve ſent dee by de Skriviſhnar; aund if dee vilt mete me to morrow morning at four of de Clock in de aufter noons, aut de Hole in de Vaal, vee vill go to Bed aund be Mawrry'd preſantly indede, viddout de Charge of de Vedding, aund de Prieſts feſe be Chreeſt , aund vee vill put de grate Chete upon our Parantſh, aund be me Shoul vee vill be*

F *Mawr-*

Mawrried, dear Joy; aund none body ſhaul be vyſher for it indede; Aund being at ſuch dishtansh daat Y cannot come to put Kiſh upon dy shweet faush, Y vill put a hoondrad Kishes upon dish Pauper, and shend me Sharvish, aund me Affuction to dee indede, and me shalwashion Y vill alwash be

Dine owne Dear Joy,

BRYAN.

Y have geeven de Vaaterman Shixpensh to breng it to dee, to shave de charge of de Penny-Posht in fait.

The

32.

The Water-man was punctual, and put the Letter in *Vrſulah*'s own hand the ſame evening, telling her he had it from her *ſweet heart*, at which ſhe ſmiled like a *furmity Kettle:* when the Water-man was gon, ſhe ſhews her Letter to the *Butler* to read it for her her (but you muſt know) under an Obligation of ſecrecy; he may a ſhift to *unriddle* the *marke* at the bottom, but for the reſt, it was as unintelligible to him as the *Original Welch*, or the *unbaptized Characters* of *Arabia:* therefore they concluded it to be ſome very learned Language, and it was agreed to deſire the *Chaplain* to read it; Sr *John* was almoſt gravell'd at the firſt ſight, but after ſome conſideration he made ſhift to *Expound it*, and to *enlarge* upon the *Point:* Telling the Audience (who were compoſed of the Valet de Chamber, the Buttler, my Ladys woman (whoe ought to have been named firſt) two Foot-men, the Coach-man, and three or four Servants of the Kitching;) That, though the Letter in it ſelf parcularly conſidered, with reſpect to the *Hand Maid* therein mentioned, and to whome it did immediately relate, Savoured of nothing but a profound *Love* and ſincere *Affection.* (*Looking meltigly upon*

my Ladys Woman, and fetching a ſigh;) Yet ſome *paſſages* therein contained, looked as black as the *powder Plott*; and carryed a deep *Conſpiracy* in them, and that againſt the whole Body of the *National Clergy*; which will prove worſe Madam (ſpeaking to my Ladys Woman) than a *Tilleration*; & it is plaine that the Atheiſtical part of men entertain theſe Varlets in perfect ſpleen to the *Miniſtry*. Wha to be robbed of their *Comfortable Importance-Fees*? (*Alas! Sr. ſays my Ladys Woman* looking languiſhing upon the Chaplain) *I ſay* to be deprived of the ſweet and *ſtanding Revenue*, *Entayled* upon our *Function*, as long as People ſhall think fit to *Copulate* according to *Modern Inſtitution*: It is a... *I ſay* it is a *down right*, *Diametrical* Contradiction to our *Eſtabliſhment*; which I will prove in nineteen, or twenty Particulars humb! humb!

Juſt as he was going to hold forth, the Gentleman of the Houſe came home, and (croſſing the Roome where this grave Aſſembly were) hey da (ſays he) what's here, a *Conventicle*? No a'nt pleaſe you Sr. (replyed my Ladys Woman) here is a'nt pleaſe you Sr. ſuch a diſcovery of a deſign upon Miniſtery, by a Letter from an *Iriſhman* to one of the Kitching Maids, that if it be not prevented (a'nt pleaſe you) the

function

function will fall to the ground. Well ſaid Betty! (quoth the Gentleman) ſtanding up for the Clergy, or thon wilt loſe they *Coppy hold.*

The Gentleman got into the Parler to his Lady, called for the Chaplain, and the Letter, which being read, he could hardly containe to hear the Comedy out; but that which moſt pleaſed him was the Parſons *Expoſition*, and *Notes* thereon. Betty (allthe while) ſtood by my Ladys Chaire, touching, and whiſpering my Lady at every clauſe; Well Madam, this is a dangerous deſign againſt the Clergy. The Gentleman (being loth to loſe the further diverſion that might be Improved upon ſo Comical a *Plot*) bid the Chaplain provide to go with him to the City to morrow, and to have the Letter with him, and he would take care to ſee the *Iriſh man* taken to account for his deſign upon the Clergy, Sr. *John* was ſomwhat pacified with this; and in token thereof, tipt a winke upon Mrs. Betty.

The next day the Gentleman met his Friend (the Maſter of (the Maſter of *Bryand* in *London*, and (at the *Coffee-houſe*) t old him all the ſtory of his mans Letter, he Chaplains *Notes* thereon, and the ſport t had been to himſelf, and his Lady, and

that the Parſon and Letter were both in Town: His Friend replyed; he was much pleaſed at the Conceit of it; and that he would have him and the Chaplain dine at his houſe; The Gentleman accordingly ſent for his Chaplain, and they meet at his Friends at dinner. The love Letter was produced, and *Bryan* called *coram Nobis*; The Chaplain read the Indictment, by Explaining the Letter; And *Bryan* was examined upon the *premiſes. Be Chreeſt* (deare Joy) ſays he tome his Maſter; 'Now 'de Deevill tauke if diſh Prieſht be not de 'deevilliſh ſhon of a howr mauke all diſh 'Treaſhon upon me dan; vaat ploiſh iſh 'it for me to tall de Maid vee will be 'marryed, ha! be ſhaint *Pautrick* it iſh 'ſtuch a damn Ting waare deſhe Parſhons 'doe come into de Houſe, dare iſh be noe 'quiett in fait. Daare iſh ſometing beſhides 'daat maake me put Conſhideraſhion 'upon dee indede, aund daat iſh in fait 'to mauke hanging upon me indede, aund 'daan de vilt mauke Marriage upon mine 'ſhweet hart, mine Urſulah indede; 'Aund Y will mauke ſhware upon dee, 'daat dee vaſh ſhteal mine Lettre oout of 'of mine ſhoeet hartſh pocketſh; And dee 'vilt marry mine Urſhulah, aund put me 'npon mauke kill upon me ſhelfe for Love

indede

'indede: Whoe! whoo! whoo! poo!' Be 'ſhaint *Pautrick* Y will mauke petiſhion for 'dy plauſh noow, aund maake dee be 'put oout of dy Chaplainſh Comiſhion, 'aund dan Y will mauke ride avay vid 'all de Veemen mine-awne ſhelfe be 'Creeſht, aund dee ſha't hang dy ſhelfe 'before **Urſhula** vill Love dee. Some Strangers coming in to mauke a viſit, put a period to the reſt of the Comedie.

33.

It was in *Flanders* that a certain *Bog-lander*, who was of the Army there; happened to be very much ſmitten with the Daughter of an Inhabitant at *Bruſſelles*: The young Gentlewoman was a zealous frequenter of Mattins, and Veſpers; where he had often opportunity to ſee her, and Conſequently to be the more Captivated, but it was impoſſible for him to get admittance to her to make known the violence of his paſſion, becauſe of the vaſt diſtance their different Fortunes had put between them. He therefore made frequent Oriſons, and was almoſt perpetually rattling over his Beads, thumping his Breaſt, and uſing all the Demonſtrations of a very fervent Devotion, in ſo much

much that a certain Boy that belonged to one of the Fathers had often Observed him to pay his Adorations to one particular ſhrine, and (by degrees) underſtood the *buſineſs* which put him upon thoſe frequent Adreſſes. It was all for *Love* forſooth, it was the *heat* of his *paſſion*, that begat that of his *Devotion*: All his Applications were made to the figure of a Lady with a Child in her Arms; Whom he earneſtly beſought to Incline the *Idol* of his thoughts to anſwer his Inclinations with a reciprocal *paſſion*; And to be ſo propitious as to favour his Love with a fortunate minute, wherein he might diſcover the violence of that Irreſiſtable Flame, the Rayes of her Beauty had kindled in him, with abundance of ſuch Rhetorical Bumbaſt which he had pickt (it's like) out of *Wits Commonwealth*, or the *Accademy of Compliments*; but ſtill accented and pronounced in the Tone of *Dear Joy Land*, interlarded with a world of *O bone's! boo! boo! poo's*, and the like; one wou'd have thought enough to have melted down a Lady of Marble. But tho it obtained not the deſired effect, our Souldier knew not how to deſpair, but daily repeated his Addreſſes, and renewed his Vows to the Obdurate Shrine. The Boy before mentioned, had

had one day placed himſelf behind the Statue, and that ſo advantageouſly, that the Souldier did not obſerve him; but with a *Tone* and *geſture* very *pitiful*, was heard to expreſs himſelf to this puppoſe

Deevil tauke me (dear Joy) I hauve come a mauny timeſh indeed to mauke Shuplicauſhion to dee, and I can nevar get one vord from dee in fait; now be his Holyneſh's Slipper, I tinke it iſh vary hard indede date dee ſhoudſt uſhe a body after ſuch faſhion be Chreeſt; vaat poſht dee be in diſh plauce for, if de vilt not be ſho ſhivil to mauke Aunſwer, vaan I ſpeake to dee indede? daat I do ſhay me hort is amoſht broke to peeſhes to fait, dare iſh no mauking belief in any body at all be Creeſt, aund dee beeſht ſho hord hauvted, daat if I do come to dee every day indede, dee vilt ſhay noting at aul to me in fait; Aund iſh not diſh very hord noow? Yeſh be Shant Patrick *it iſh indede: Aund yet v'rall dat I muſht be for coming to dee again, to mauke Shuplicauſhions upon dee, daat I may underſhtand if ſhe vil be mauking Love upon me, or no be Chreeſt; aund if I ſhaul make mauriage upon her indede?* No, no, ſays the Boy behind the Picture, at which *Dear Joy* was in a very great diſcontent, and could hardly forbear falling into a fumigation; but a little recollecting, he proceeded: *Noow I prathee dear Joy, let that ſhame pratty little Child hold*

biſh

Biſh tongue, ſhpake to me vid dyne awn Lipſh indede; vaat doſht dee ſhay noow; ſhaul Y aver come to Bed to daat pratty Voman, daat Y vaſh ſpaking to dee aboout? aund upon me ſhalwaſhion indeed Y vill be for mauking Prayer to dee ſho long aſh Y live be Chreeſt: No, no, I ſay (ſays the Boy again) thou ſhalt never have her. *Daan de deevil tauke me if aver I do mauke Prayers upon dee any more be my Shoul, Y vill go aund mauke hang upon me ſhalf noow; aund de ſha't never ſhee me fauſh aany more in fait noow, aund ſho fare dee vall dear Joy, indede.* At which he marcht out of the Church in great Indignation, and the Boy was ready to burſt with the thought how he had impoſed upon poor *Bullander.*

A deare Joy being arraigned for ſtealing a Mare, and the Evidence making Oath they ſaw him lead her out of the Ground; he was at length asked, what he could ſay for himſelf? *Now de Deevill tauke me if fait* (ſays he) *but heare iſh de greateſt parſhell of Lawyers daat ever vaſh in the World, vor upon me ſhalwaſhion* (deare Joy) *Y did but tauke de end of the bridle in fait, aund de Deeviliſh Jade came after indede, aund Y vaſh loat to cutt of de end of de Bridle, aund as Chreeſht of dee doſht mauke haung upon it, dare well be an end of me Gencraſhion indede, for*

me

me Vaadar, me Grandfar, me great Grandfar, and two Broddarſh waſh all hang'd for Shomtimeſh aftar one anodder, ſhom vaſh for finding of Couſh, ſhom for Sheepſh, aund ſhom for nauking Murder be Creeſht, aund de Deevil tauke de envanſhion of hampe in fait, for iſh nauke deſtruſhion upon aull me vaadarſh Faumily indede. And be ſhaint Pautrick if dee doſht mauke putting the haang upon me, I vill navar mauke forgett of it indede, La.